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1945-07-04 Alfred P. Maurice Letter to Dolores Robson

Alfred P. Maurice, 1921-

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Monday 4 July 1945
14th Cavalry Command
APO 322, Tusco.

Bunny Darling;

My screwball tentmates are very much absorbed in a problem. They are trying to figure out just how high a pile of paper they would have if they took a sheet of paper exactly 1000 ft. of an inch thick and halve the sheet, then putting the two halves together, and tearing them in half, etc. repeating this performance fifty times. John claims that the pile would be 17 million miles high and Kettler being from Missouri (St. Louis to be exact) has to be shown. At present he is struggling through the thirtieth cutting and has some monstrous scars. Figure it out if you have a spare evening in which to wrack your brain Honey. All this started from my telling them that they could not fold a sheet of paper in half ten times. That is impossible as you can find out by trying it. No matter how big a sheet of paper is used, it just can't be did.

This has been a lazy rainy day and I didn't do an awful lot. I fell asleep this afternoon and woke up just before suppertime. I didn't go to the show tonight but made a card for Mom instead. It came out OK except for the writing inside it which could have been much better.

I got a letter from you and it was very sweet & honey. I'm glad to hear that the secretary you are dealing with is a female because in one of your letters, which I have here, you distinctly referred to this secretary as "he." What was that young lady, wishful thinking? I am glad to hear that he is a she though. You had me worried for a minute.

The book "Rome Hanks" was banned in Boston despite the fact that you saw nothing wrong in it. I believe that the reason it was barred was because of the juicy descriptions he gave of the Olive Street red light district in St. Louis, or didn't you realize that he was describing a red light district. His system of jumping around from one era to another was very confusing.

You have my deepest sympathy for the tenderness resulting from your ride on Peggy's brother's bike. You should know better than to try to ride a bike that's too high for you. Tell me, did you have to eat off the mantle piece, or wasn't it quite that bad. Let's cease that stuff though and maintain the physical status quo.

So, you got your birthday presents early did you. Humph! That's cheating young lady. I like the

3.
presents you got though. The gloves and slippers sound quite nice and I can hardly wait to get back to see that nightgown. Of course you realize that nice young gentlemen are not supposed to give nightgowns to nice young ladies until after they are married, or doesn't that make any difference? That is exactly what I would have wanted to buy you if I were home though. I am very glad to hear that you are saving the nightie for our vacation. It sounds, ~~like~~ from your letters, as if it really is quite nice. The sketch you made makes it look very interesting too. Just how substantial are those shoulder straps though. With the housecoat your mother is making you, you will be very well supplied with nightwear.

I am very sure that Mom will like the ear rings you got for her. They look nice (I'm using your sketch to fudge them). She will also enjoy the bubble bath. The card I made can be sent right with the gift. I'm sure it will get to you by the 18th which is when you say you should mail the package.

John says that the picture tonight was worth seeing. It is "Tonight And Every Night" with Rita Hayworth and Janet Blain. I guess I'll go see it tomorrow night if it isn't raining.

Someone walked off with my raincoat the other day. I left it hanging in the office and when I went to get it Saturday it was gone. Now I suppose I'll get one of those damned old ponchos. They always drag in the mud when I bend over and then I get mud all over my pant legs. It's discouraging. I may be able to find mine though. I hope so. At present I am wearing the combat jacket I got at Camp Grant. It is still waterproof because the craversting has never been washed out of it.

It's time for bed Honey, so I'll give you a big goodnight kiss and leave you for ~~the~~ now. I love you sweetheart and am yours always.

Tuesday

Good evening Honey;

See, here I am right back on time. This was rather a long day although it didn't rain. Of course the weather was overcast and we had no sunshine except for a five minute period just before I went to eat this evening. Not really enough to count. I guess that the main reason the day seemed long was because my eyes were tired all day. I think that doing that close drawing all day is getting to be just a little too much. I'll have to let up a little. I wish the medics here would give glasses to test the eyes but they only give

them when they are needed for collective purposes. If I get up to the Philippines, I'll have to see about getting some reading glasses to ease the strain on my eyes. The sketches are coming along very well though and they are by far the best I have done in this kind of work. It is very encouraging to see that I am making progress and ~~too~~ making enough progress that it is very apparent in each succeeding piece of work. I'll make an artist of me yet Honey.

Again this evening I refrained from going to the show. I don't know why but I just am not interested in movies any more. I may go to the one Saturday nite. It's a picture called "Circumstantial Evidence" which sounds as though it would at least be bearable. When we are on our honeymoon, we will not go to movies. I have seen so many pictures that I want to create my own excitement and experiences instead of getting them second hand from a screen. It will be very nice creating experiences with you Honey.

Big, Darling, on our honeymoon we're going to have to be somewhere where I can get myself a decent meal whenever I want one. We're back on our old diet of Spam for supper again. Our brief period of dining on fresh meats is at an end. The meals are really rough when we don't have fresh meats.

It's just a round of vienna sausages (grilled, Spanish style, boiled, and steamed, to give a few of the descriptions on the menu. They're still vienna sausages to me), Spam, C rations, "grilled country pork sausage" (Brrr!! What a misnomer that is), bully beef, and canned pork.

This stuff can be very tiring. I hope this period of doing without fresh meat is not as long as the last one was.

I didn't receive any mail today although there were a lot of packages for the various fellows. There were very few letters for anyone. I should receive one from you tomorrow, I hope. Your letters are so very nice to receive Honey.

Today I indulged in a little light reading and tossed off the Erle Stanley Gardner novel "The D.A. Calls it Murder." It was quite an interesting book, and don't look at me askance like that because I like to read an occasional mystery story just to relieve my mind from its labors. Some of them aren't bad at all although they are of very little value as far as doing the Sunday good is concerned. They are a nice thing to relax with.

I ~~can't~~ can't figure this thing out. It seems that I am doing something all the time, except for the time I spend at shows or playing volleyball and

7.

this does not take up much time, and still I can't find time to even start to do the things I want to do; read the books I want to read, draw the things I want to draw, and just do everything I'd like to do. Time just seems to close in on me when I want to do something. If I ~~you~~ promise you that I'll do something and then never seem to get it done, you will forgive me won't you Darling. You can be sure that my intentions are good.

The medics have pronounced me completely cured of my case of impetigo. I guess I was cured a while back but I had to continue the treatments until they were fairly sure there would be no recurrence. I have reached the end of my being pained, for the ~~presence at~~ present at least.

Ah me. It's a hell of a life without you here with me, or rather, without me there with you because I wouldn't wish this climate on you. We'll have so very much lost time to make up for Darling. The one thing this separation has done is make me realize just how very much I love you. When I return you will never have to worry about being fully appreciated because that is one thing this enforced absence results in, appreciation of

your true worth. you are a wonderful person.
 It's so nice to be with you because I know that
 I can always find someone who will understand
 or try to understand how I feel and with whom I
 can talk on any subject that interests me and re-
 ceive an intelligent answer, when I'm with you. I
 always worried about getting tied up to some pretty
 but scatter brained girl and consider myself to be
 one of the luckiest fellows in the world to have met
 you and to have you love me because you're exactly
 the kind of girl I've always had in mind when I
 thought of what kind of girl I'd like to marry. You
 fill the bill completely. And you are so very beautiful
 too which is the most amazing part of it all because
 I had almost resigned myself to thinking that a
 girl must be either beautiful or intelligent and
 then I found one who was both. You can be sure
 that I will try to be the best husband possible for you.
 Darling and that I will try to make you as happy as
 I know you will make me.

Always,

Freddie